

An Ancient Korean Kingdom
THE Governor-General of Korea recently discovered the site of the capital of an old Korean kingdom known as Kukuryo, which flourished from 37 B.C. until A.D. 668. It first established its capital at a place called Kukani, and then removed it to Kwadosong, the site of which has long been a subject of discussion by archaeologists.

The Four of Hearts

A SERIAL OF LOVE AND YOUTH

Cynthia Walks Through the Snow to Keep Her Appointment with Milton's Father.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXII.

DURING the next few days Cynthia Long was undergoing a period of readjustment of which her relatives suspected little. Heretofore she had gloried in her independence. Now she realized that she had gloried in that which did not exist, that, but for the small sums of money which would come to her of the next year or two—sums quite disproportionate to her needs as she saw them—she had nothing which she could call her own. Moreover, her uncle had paid some of her father's debts. Stephen Livingstone might insist that this had been but a gift to the daughter. The daughter herself felt that she would be under continual obligations to him.

And the only way she could discharge these obligations would be by complying with his demands. These demands precluded her attempting to earn her own living.

She was glad that she could reply frankly when her uncle asked her, with elaborate carelessness, what arrangements she and Edward Van Saun had made about her reading.

"Of course he suggested no remuneration," he interrogated.

"Of course not!" Cynthia replied quickly. "I would have been much wounded if he had done so."

"It would have been an insult to you, my dear, and to me as well," her uncle declared. "Edward Van Saun knows my views with regard to young women earning money for themselves when they have relatives who are able and willing to support them. That girls assert their own rights in this line so frequently is, to my mind, an evidence of the degeneracy of the times. I deplore it greatly. I do not see how a girl with proper feeling can so far forget her sphere."

"By her sphere you mean," began Cynthia.

Her uncle did not allow her to finish the sentence.

"I mean the Home," he explained sententiously. "That is where woman belongs—in the home of her parents or guardians until she goes to the home provided for her by the man she marries. That is woman's destiny."

A Difficult Question.
Cynthia would not argue, but in her soul she was wondering if anything could be more degrading to a woman than marrying a man for a home—what then? Was she to be a dependent all the days of her life?

She did not put this question into words. It would do no good. Her only course was to live by the day, do her duty as well as she could as long as her money held out.

She shook her head and looked her lips firmly. She would not look ahead. She was sure that she could not carry out her uncle's idea of woman's destiny. She was forcing herself now to go into society a little more, as this was her relative's

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

AFTER Puss Junior left Pan and the Dryads, as I told you in the last story, he wandered on through the forest, and by-and-by, after a while, he saw a little flower, purple within and surrounded with white leaves.

And as he stooped to pick it up an old man with a long white beard passed by, and when he saw Puss he stopped and said, "That flower was once a beautiful boy; but that was long ago." And then the old man sighed and said, "Ah me!" and from the distance came a voice, soft and low, "Ah me!"

And then the old man looked sadly at Puss and said, "Tis Echo, mourning for Narcissus." And then the old man told Puss how many years ago the nymph Echo had loved Narcissus, but that he had run away from her until, at last, she had died of grief and only her sweet voice remained to echo from the tall rocks that sheltered the woodland dell.

And then the old man went upon his way and Puss walked through the forest for a little while and then he called out, "Hello, hello," and a voice replied, "Hello, hello," and he knew that Echo had heard him and had answered him in the only way she knew.

Well, after that Puss continued

expressed desire. But she met no man whom she could bear to think of as a possible husband. None of them stirred her pulses.

It was all very well for a girl like Dora to be planning marriage, for she was engaged to a man whom she had known for years a man who was unlike other men—strong, sympathetic, all that he should be. What a friend he would make! If one could let one's self accept the friendship he was always ready to offer her—if one dared.

She checked her musings abruptly. She had trained herself to do this during these few weeks when her thoughts turned toward Milton Van Saun. She told herself this was because she did not care to have as a close friend another woman's husband. And Milton would soon be Dora's husband.

Was that the true reason?

The question thrust itself upon her mind as clearly as if some one had asked it of her in clear tones.

It was a snowy afternoon and she was walking briskly toward Edward Van Saun's house, for this was one of the days on which she was to read aloud to the semi-invalid. He had telephoned to her that she must not risk facing the storm, but she had insisted going, pleading that she needed the exercise. Dora was shopping with the car downtown and had offered to send it back to take her cousin to Mr. Van Saun's, but Cynthia had said that she preferred walking.

A Kindly Greeting.
The wind was strong and blew in her face as she turned eastward from Fifth avenue. She bent her head and fought her way against it. It was an actual relief to struggle with something as tangible as this wind, instead of with the thoughts that assailed her.

Mr. Van Saun's house was but a few doors from the avenue, and when she had rung the bell and been admitted her host came from the library into the hall to greet her sphere.

"Dear child," he sympathized, "I am sure you are very wet and cold. Take off that coat and those rubbers and come in by my fire and get warm. This is no weather for a girl like you to be out. I blame myself for not forbidding you to come. But you see what a selfish old man I am. I would have sent my car for you, but it is laid up at the repair shop."

His tone, his manner, reminded her of her own father. Impulsively she turned to him and caught his hand in hers for an instant.

"Oh, I am so glad to come!" she exclaimed. "It seems almost like going home to come here!"

She stopped, shocked by her own temerity. When she and her host reached the library she spoke gently.

"I am glad you feel as if this were like home," he said, "for—strange, isn't it?—I was thinking before you came that I felt almost as if a little girl of my own was coming to me out of the storm."

Then he laughed as if ashamed of his sentimentality. Cynthia laughed, too; but it is doubtful if either pair of eyes was quite clear at that instant.

(To Be Continued.)

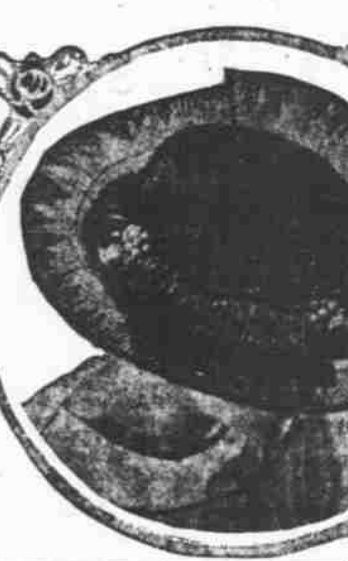
Another Installment of "The Wolves of New York" on This Page

Magazine Page

Ready to Gown and Crown the Summer Girl

Fashion Waiting Only for the Warm Days, Suggests a Novel Knitting Bag.

HERE is an unusual new and decidedly smart costume with a knitting bag and hat to match, made of rough straw and black satin, with appliqued flowers in brilliant colorings. Below is a theatre hat of black maline embroidered with black soutache. Curled ostrich in black wends its way around the crown, punctuated here and there by bunches of grapes in shades of green. To the right is an early Summer model of black lisle, with sharply turned back brim made of a double frill of finely pleated black taffeta ribbon.



ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Can You Trust Yourself?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a telephone girl, caring for a switchboard in a very large apartment house. I am considered attractive, and though I try to appear reserved, the men in the house pay me a lot of attention.

Several of them have asked me to go out with them or meet them for lunch downtown. Do you think it proper for a girl in my position to accept these invitations? I am not referring to the invitations of married men (though they are more frequent than any other).

I would like to know your opinion, as I must confess I do not go out very much, and often feel inclined to take advantage of the many offers pressed upon me.

SALLY.

I AM going to make a confession, my dear—my respect for mere "propriety" is not always overwhelming. To do what is right and sensible and dignified and self-respecting seems to me a great deal more important than to worry over the fine points of etiquette. But there are certain "rules of the game" which everybody out to observe. One of them you instinctively follow—you would not consider accepting the invitations of those worldly and cynical married men who in our day and generation like to amuse themselves at the expense of any silly little girl who would "play up" to them. As to going out with the men you meet through your position, can you trust yourself to be so dignified and well-behaved that even if they start out to have "a little lark" with the telephone girl, they will end up by recognizing that their guest has been a dignified, refined young woman who demands as much respect and dignity as ever they have given to the girls in their own social world. If you are well poised, sane and high principled and, added to that, have a little judgment of human nature, possibly you can afford to have lunch with some of the young men in your building. Frankly, though, I don't believe the game is worth the candle.

Plain English.

It was a dark night. A special constable approached a cyclist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function." "Sir," said the cyclist, "I am a light." "Your beacon," said the constable, "has ceased its function." "But really I don't quite," said the cyclist, "the effluence of your radiator has advanced." "My dear fellow," said the constable, "the transverse ether oscillations in your incandescent beam have been discontinued." Just then a boy shouted, "Hi, mister, your lamp's out!"



The Hidden Hand

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND LOVE

By Arthur B. Reeve

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

EPISODE 15.

"The Girl of the Prophecy."

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THE Hidden Hand backed away triumphantly from Scarley and Doris, still holding the will.

At that moment the secret door in the concrete pillar flew open.

"Quick, Jack," cried Doris, as Ramsey appeared, recovered from the blow which Scarley had given him.

Ramsey drew his gun and leaped out of the pillar at the Hidden Hand so quickly that the latter had just time enough to strike up Ramsey's arm, holding the revolver, which discharged in the air. They grappled and Doris also ran to help Ramsey, while Scarley lunged back, waiting for any chance that might come to him.

To the floor went Ramsey and the Hidden Hand. But Ramsey was already weakened by the blow he had received from Scarley. Doris tried to take the will away from the Hidden Hand as he and Ramsey wrestled. At last she saw her chance and seized the document. But she scarcely had it when the treacherous Scarley grabbed it from her, flung her back, and started off through the cellar window.

In double fury now, the Hidden Hand fought like a madman, bringing the gauntlet of death down on Ramsey's face and preparing to shoot the poison gas.

At that moment he heard footsteps. The Secret Service men in Abner's room, aroused by Ramsey's first shot, had come running to the cellar and were charging down the stairs. He let go of Ramsey, almost unconscious, and fled through the window also.

Doris bent over Ramsey and lifted him, a bit dazed, to his feet, and helped him upstairs, while a Secret Service man dived at the window.

Out in the grounds now, the Hidden Hand caught sight of Scarley jumping into a waiting limousine. He tried to halt the limousine as it

passed, but it gathered speed. He leaped on the running board, with drawn revolver. In desperation, Scarley flung open the door and tried to take the will away from the man who was so true about love, that I thought if any magazine would take it, maybe a loving heart or two might see it and be comforted at the wonderful things the Alchemist of Love can do, and so on a chance I sent it off. No one was ever more really surprised in the world than I was, when twenty-five dollars dropped into my lap from the mail this morning. As the poem belongs to you in spirit and understanding, I write it here, knowing that you will overlook its faults and hold close to your heart the love of her whose expression it is:

To My Sweetheart SOLDIER

Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters.

My Own Beloved:

Twenty-five dollars I earned today in honest toil, and tomorrow I shall go as a mite to swell the Red Cross funds. But first I must tell you about it, as you are responsible for the whole thing, and my success as a wage-earner is due wholly to you. I was loving you, dear, just loving you—a week ago—which is no new thing for me to do and not worthy of comment in that respect, but my thoughts just naturally took to rhyming and before I knew it I had a little poem. It all seemed to be so true about love, that I thought if any magazine would take it, maybe a loving heart or two might see it and be comforted at the wonderful things the Alchemist of Love can do, and so on a chance I sent it off. No one was ever more really surprised in the world than I was, when twenty-five dollars dropped into my lap from the mail this morning. As the poem belongs to you in spirit and understanding, I write it here, knowing that you will overlook its faults and hold close to your heart the love of her whose expression it is:

The Alchemy of Love.

The Alchemy of Love is all around us.

The things of life are not just as they seem.

There's far more beauty if our eyes could see it.

There's far more promise than we ever dream.

The song of birds—so sweet and so alluring.

The cooling of the tender-mating dove.

The springing call of lark and thrush and sparrow.

All tell the joy of Universal love.

The sun which sets in royal purple splendor.

And flings its parting torch o'er land and sea.

Proclaims aloft as night and darkness follow.

The Campfire of your constant thought of me.

The stars which shine in calm eternal beauty.

And watch in silence as the ages roll.

Have not alone the meaning born of science.

They are to me the beacons of your soul.

And when some storm has cleft the sullen heaven.

And hope seems gone and faith a thing apart.

Through shimmering tears I catch the rainbow promise.

The sweet unflinching sunshine of your heart.

The Alchemist of Love is never weary.

He blends his potions with unerring hand.

The oil of gladness springs from stony places.

And roses start up smiling—from the sand.

The grave is but a swiftly swinging portal.

Through which we pass to mansions built above.

Where tender hearts shall be at last united.

And where—blest thought—our God Himself is love.

Are you glad, my soldier, that I see you in everything about me?

Good-night, beloved.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

This Day in History.
THIS is the anniversary of the famous Battle of Pavia in 1525, when Francis I. of France was taken prisoner by Charles V. and carried to Spain. The sprightly French ruler agreed to pay a huge ransom, but after he was freed he refused to abide by his word.

The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

The Wolves Arrange Loan for Guy to Further Dupe Him, and He Walks Into the Trap of a Usurer.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Ether Vassel, a poor girl supporting an invalid sister, is induced by a strange woman to consent to being secretly married for a large sum of money. All she knows of her husband in name only is that he is a convict and his name is Hest.

The ceremony takes place in a ruined church in a dense wood. On her return she finds her sister and uncle both dead, the latter leaving her sole heir to a large fortune. He disinherited his nephew, Guy Hocking, whom Ether meets on the following day and gives \$15,000. Guy gambles and loses the entire sum to his friend Tweedledum. He wanders out on the street and is overtaken by his friend in an automobile and Tweedledum offers Guy money to drive him where he is going. Guy accepts, and through an accident finds that his cousin Ether is the other occupant of the carriage. He forces the man to take her back to where she lives and makes him give back all he lost to him. They next meet at a masquerade ball. Tweedledum is disguised in the box at the masquerade ball. Guy Hocking goes to tell his cousin Ether and confided to her the story of his life. He is a married man. He mentions his wife's name, "Lillian," and Ether disbelieves his mysterious marriage to Guy's wife. Hocking admits to Ether his secret marriage with Lillian, that he does not love her. He last heard of her in Monte Carlo until the night of the murder at Madison Garden Ball where he recognized her disguised as a nun.

The following day Ether goes to Heim Court, her new country home. She accepts an invitation to lunch at the Towers, the estate of her neighbor, Mrs. Herwald. She meets young Lord Norddale, and they confide in the honesty of their new acquaintance.

Guy returns to his old life, determined to be a wolf himself. His "friend" frames up a newspaper syndicate whereby Guy is to make \$250,000 "easy money." Guy leaves the club to return the following afternoon, and they are to go meet their friend.

cried Guy. "You do find 'em, Moncrief. I'll give you credit for that. Why, I've got no security to offer—nothing."

"Didn't I tell you that Epstone doesn't know what to do with his money? I only did as you asked me, Hocking," added Moncrief virtuously, "and arranged for you to meet one of the right sort. But we'd better to getting along, and on the way we can discuss the subject of the little commission, which, of course, you won't mind paying me for the introduction and upon the amount of money loaned you." He drew Tweedledum aside and spoke to him in an undertone. "Goldsmith will charge him at the rate of 10 per cent per month," he whispered, "so the debt will be a heavy one when it's called in. We shall make a bit thus, so we'd better not overdo it with Hocking now. What do you say to 10 per cent down on all he draws?"

"Well, all right," said Tweedledum. "When he feels the money in his pocket he won't worry over a hundred or so. I shall have to take him on at poker in a day or two and hurry the business on."

"Right," replied Moncrief. Then he turned to Guy. "Come along," he said, shortly.

Guy Suspicious of Tweedledum.

"That fellow Tweedledum is not in this game, is he?" asked Guy, suspiciously, as the two men passed into a street. "I know him too well to trust him—even at this. I won't have him in at all, see?"

"All right, boy," returned Moncrief. "You needn't worry about Tweedledum. As you say, it's nothing to do with him. We'd better take a cab, I think, as we're late, though it's not far to Epstone's rooms." He hailed one as he spoke, and gave an address.

On the way Guy was eager for further details. "Tell me all about this deal," he chuckled. "You've seen the success, and know what he purposes to do. He quite understands, does he, that I've got no security?"

"Quite. He trusts, of course, to the success of your proposed venture in the newspaper line, I laid it out on thick about it, I can tell you. He will give you two years in which to make your success, and during that time you won't have to pay out a penny. After two years you must begin repaying capital and accumulated interest."

"And supposing I can't?" Moncrief shrugged his shoulders. "Well, then, you won't be much worse off than you are now. A man who has no money, what can he? Epstone might think it worth while to put you through the bankruptcy court, but even that is hardly likely. He's taking his chance, but you'll have the money. And for two years you needn't give a thought to the payment of it."

"Lord, Two Years and Money." "Two years?" Guy gave a long whistle of satisfaction. "What couldn't a fellow do in two years? I'll set Blake up in the business, and if there are a few thousands to spare I'll run over to Monte Carlo. Why, I might double my capital in a day or two. I'll have what a time I'll have! He clapped Moncrief on the back. "And you, too, old fellow," he added. "What's that little commission going to be you spoke about?"

"I thought of 15 per cent," said the agent modestly.

"You shall have twenty," cried Guy, enthusiastically. "Twenty dollars in every month. I'll have you getting thousands. I can stand that. And if funds give out, you shall work the trick and get some more. Jove, it's easy to get money when you know the right people!"

They were nearing the address they had started for. As they turned out of Broadway, Moncrief remarked casually: "Of course, there will be papers to sign, Hocking—mere formalities, as you know. We must give Epstone every appearance of security. The agreement will be worked on the lines I've explained; I've seen to it that I put in one or two clauses, too, to make things more reasonable; for instance, that you should insure your life."

"Oh, yes, for a day or two, that's fair enough," Guy was barely attending.

"And another thing, I suppose you know that by your father's will if Miss Vassel dies unmarried, you inherit the property."

Guy refused to involve Esther. "Hold on!" cried Guy. "I don't want her name brought into this. It's my affair, and mine only; I wouldn't involve her for worlds."

Moncrief laughed easily. "I understand that," he said. "But this doesn't involve your cousin. The clause is merely a charge upon your possible succession, and it looks well on paper. Epstone was impressed by it. Should you say anything to inherit you must settle up your debt at once; but as there's not much chance of such a thing, you needn't bother about the clause. It's a mere form. Ah, here we are."

The cab had stopped, and Moncrief sprang lightly out, paying no heed to Guy's reiterated assertion that he did not wish his cousin's name brought in the matter.

The "Brokers" Shop.
They were shown upstairs to a large, luxuriously furnished room, with no evidence of business about it beyond a handsome Chippendale desk that stood in a recess. It communicated by closed and draped folding doors with a back room, from which the sound of voices could occasionally be heard.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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